

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1925



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I do give and bequeath to THE PEABODY-SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO \$_____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I do give, bequeath, and devise to THE PEABODY-SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE PEABODY-SHIMER ACADEMY, CHICAGO, ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

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LITERARY

A decorative border runs vertically along both the left and right sides of the page. It consists of a dark, textured background with white line drawings of various books. Some books are shown as closed volumes, while others are open, revealing pages with text or illustrations. The books are arranged in a somewhat haphazard, overlapping manner, creating a sense of a well-used library or a collection of literary works.

Two Days

Yesterday my soul was sad,
And all that I could see
Were stolid rows of fence-posts—
The bare limbs of a tree.

But oh! today a letter came;
My soul sings now in ecstasy;
The lines of posts are straight and
fine;
The tree has gracious dignity.

—Margie Lou Boylan, *College '26*

The Bundle

It was a big night for the gang—not a man in it dared think that it would be an easy job getting into the huge factory, carrying away the great amount of silken goods, and then loading it on the waiting trucks.

"Now, men, when every bolt of silk has been put on, start your engines together, then make your get-away; the noise will awaken the whole town but you have your directions, follow them."

The "brains of the gang" had just given his final order; he then walked away from the big job and out of any mess the others might get into.

Jake and Dusky slipped up the alley toward the nightwatchman's box; he was doing his rounds and would return to the box where death awaited him at the hands of Dusky. "Dead men tell no tales" and Dusky's great black hands were prepared to silence the man forever. Jake followed after Dusky and stopped in a little corner of the wall out of the way of the coming struggle; as his foot sought the corner, it kicked something soft and round. A wall, very pitiful yet human, then sharp and piercing, came up to Jake. Dusky turned around and scowled; the man he was waiting for was coming, no sound must be heard when he rounded the corner of the building at the other end of the alley.

Jake stooped, picked up the howling bundle, and fled the way he had come. It stopped when he ran, but if he stopped only for a breath, it began again. What was he to do? He couldn't stop and let it cry, and he couldn't keep running all the time. The gang had started working on the front of the building; Dusky and the nightwatchman had not yet met. If he went back to the gang, they would want to smother the pitiful wails. The thought suddenly struck Jake that he had forgotten to look inside the bundle. He pulled back the corner of the old soiled blanket and a baby face, chubby and tear-stained, looked up at him—the face of a boy, perhaps two or four months old. Jake forgot the factory—the big job—the gang, his memory rushed back two years to a baby boy and its little mother, who had been laid together in a grave and Jake's heart had broken and shed its tears on them, for they had been his.

He was a "queer guy", the gang would tell you, always going off by himself or gazing far away with unseeing eyes; yet they all loved him because he kept his mouth shut and his ears and eyes wide open.

Slowly Jake and the bundle turned from the alley and started toward his rooming house. He was back on the factory job inside of an hour and worked until the trucks had gone off. The robbery had been successful and only one man had been killed—that was a pretty good record for this gang. Jake went back to his room, weary, tired, and lonely; he dropped on his bed and slept. How long Jake could have slept no one knows, but the fact that at ten o'clock a baby crying for lack of attention, broke Jake's sleep proved that the bundle was going to be a handful for the sleeping man.

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Four months later the gang had a real birthday party for "the bundle". At first they had scowled at the baby and had refused to come near it, but even the most brutal among them had found a new pleasure in it. Each had tried his hand at entertaining the little fellow and had heaped presents upon him. Now it was the one object that each man would lay down his life for—its sunny curls, very fuzzy and few to be sure, were treasures to Jake, and even Dusky delighted in the little white pearl that men call a tooth.

A dark cloud always covers up a ray of sunshine and the dark cloud came in the form of a great black car. A woman, beautifully dressed, stepped out of it and ascended the stairway to Jake's room. The gang was planning another big job, so big that it was not to be pulled off for another year. They started when they heard the woman knock and stared when she entered. Only Jake had the presence of mind to stand and greet her.

She asked Jake to step outside with her for a moment. When he had gone, the gang looked at each other and stared with wondering eyes. Jake returned in ten minutes with a strange look on his face; she wanted the baby, "the bundle", as the gang called the boy. How she had known about it Jake couldn't say, but she claimed the child and begged for it. Next year's big job was pigeon-holed in the face of the new mystery and tragedy for Jake. He picked the golden haired baby up and walked toward the window. They must decide whether the baby was to be brought up in luxury and happiness or in the midst of a gang of thieves.

After a night of pacing the floor and looking at the boy time and time again, Jake decided that he couldn't keep the boy and let it grow up in his surroundings. The child couldn't always be a baby and it would become a sort of go-between for the gang. No, the baby would have given to him the chances that Jake had missed; the lady should have him.

The next day Jake picked up "the bundle" for the last time; a baby hand had twined five fingers in every cobwebby unused part of Jake's heart and now the same fingers seemed to snatch it out as "the bundle" was given to the lady. Can a murderer, a thief, a gunman, cry real tears as he feels the last touch of purity, of love, leave his life? I do not know; I only know that Jake came as near to heart-breaking grief as any man can come and still live on.

A golden haired boy sees a man stop and watch him play every day during the hour that his nurse allows him to play near the fence. It is the man's only religion, his only church and home of purity, this pilgrimage every day to see the boy through an iron fence.

The boy's golden head is bent over a piece of newspaper as he laboriously applies a new set of crayons to different pictures in the paper. One face attracts the little fellow because the features are large and easy to color. Does not something in the child tell him that the big words in the picture are saying that the man will be hanged for murder at sunrise

and the same something tell the child that five years ago the same man picked him out of an alley? No! because the boy goes on coloring the large features.

Helen Cavanaugh, *Academy '26.*

Moonlight and Roses

Sally sat by the window and half shut her eyes as she gazed at the scene before her. The garden looked like a bit of fairyland. Moonlight shone on the pieces of statuary and made the small pool look like a shining mirror. There were shadows, too, lonely, mysterious shadows that seemed to be hiding other entrancing surprises. The soft, heavy, fragrance of many flowers reached Sally's dulcify nostrils, and she heaved a sigh.

Before continuing this tale, it might be well to acquaint you with a bit of Sally's history. Hers had been an uneventful past and she, poor child, realized it. She was sixteen, and possessed very lovely yellow hair and very lovely blue eyes. When one looked into Sally's eyes, one thought of the sun-flecked Mediterranean, of the glittering clearness of a sapphire, of the cloudless blue of a soft June sky. Oh, a glimpse of Sally's eyes set one to thinking of all sort of things. In fact, she was a very pretty little girl. Her mother thought it best not to tell her this, because Sally's charm lay in her very naivete and simplicity. She was a good little girl and appeared to have no thoughts other than those in the realm of school books and all the other duties that should quite properly occupy a young girl's mind. I say that she appeared to have no other thoughts than these, because now you are prepared for the blow. Sally wanted to be in love with a man!

Every night, after she had said her prayers and before she slipped away into the Land of Nod, she lay looking up at the ceiling and thinking how wonderful it must feel to be in love! Would you ever have thought it possible? Well, anyhow, we must get back to the story.

Sally still sat by the window, and yes, she was still heaving sighs. She sat there for some minutes until a wonderful idea came into her head. She was going down into the garden under the romantic spell of the moon. She was going to sit on the little marble bench by the pool, and who knows but perhaps a handsome Prince Charming might be awaiting at that very bench.

With her heart pounding like a trip-hammer, Sally stole quietly down the steps, out of doors, and into that lovely garden. She tripped gaily along the path until sounds of footsteps behind her made her turn like a startled deer. There before her was quite the handsomest young man she had ever seen. He wore white satin knee breeches and his white satin coat was encrusted with pearls. Diamond buckles shone from his velvet shoes, and on his head was a three-cornered velvet hat trimmed with a flowing plume.

He removed the hat and made a low bow before Sally's blue and very wide-open eyes.

"Madame," he said softly, "I have long awaited this moment."

He took her arm and led her to the bench. He knelt down before her on one white satin knee, and looked up into her face.

"You are very beautiful, and I have long adored you from a distance. Will you not fly away with me and become my queen and sit on a golden throne at my side? We will be——"

"Sarah Annabell Green! Why in the world aren't you in bed?"

Sally awoke with a start and looked up at her mother's disconcerted countenance, as she allowed herself to be tucked into bed. The little girl heaved a much larger sigh than any heaved previously, while the wise old moon winked his eye and covered Sally's bed with a smile of silver.

Agnes Reeves, *Academy* '26.

Adventure of the Closed Door

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

Mr. J. Parmenter Pettijohn ambled home in the wee small hours one night from a banquet with some of his old associates at the bar. Mr. J. Parmenter had been the toastmaster of the feast and had told some very hilarious stories that had set the echoes ringing. Then he called on the orators of the evening. Oh! it had been a great banquet and Mr. J. Parmenter shone in resplendent glory.

After all the gaily labeled Havanas had trailed up in smoke, a reporter sought out the toastmaster and asked for names and particulars. Mr. J. Parmenter beamed and supplied the information. It was this thought of approaching headlines in the local daily that made the young lawyer so blithe at heart on his homeward way—as has been related.

II

Sunday morning dawned with a chill in the air, and snow on the ground. An hour sped by. Then Mr. J. Parmenter rolled over, gazed at the alarm clock, and slid softly out of bed. He tiptoed down the front stairs in his pink pajamas. He reached the door that led to the porch. Thru the glass he saw the morning paper—and fame. What if it were cold outside? What if frigid winds did sweep and blow? Did not Leander swim the Hellespont? Did not——So Mr. J. Parmenter stepped gingerly out on the porch all in the white light of a Sabbath morn. He stooped to seize the paper.

Then it happened! The young lawyer had forgotten the lock. The door swung on its hinges and dropped back into its latch. He tried to turn the knob; it did not budge. The lawyer stood shivering and shaking in the cold, cold, world in a pair of pajamas.

The stentorian tones of a newsboy cut the crisp morning air. A milk wagon rattled by, the driver looking out with open-eyed wonderment while Mr. J. P. swore. With numbing fingers he rattled the knob in desperation. He raised his voice to a cry of entreaty.

"Cora, Cora. C-O-R-A!" he shouted in iced accents, rubbing one bare foot against the other to keep warm, "let me in, I'm freezing to death. Bur-r-r!"

After an eternity of waiting his wife raised the window and peered cautiously out.

"Is that you, Jim? Why w-why what's the matter with you? W-what a-are you out there for?"

"It's the darned door. I-I-I came out to get the paper——" The window came down with a bang. His wife was speeding to the rescue. A moment later the door opened and shivering, chattering, Mr. J. Parmenter Pettijohn found himself within the haven of his own home.

But he left the paper on the porch.

Elene Rogers, *Academy* '26.

My Color Fairies

Colors to me are as fairy gifts,
Every day a birth to our eyes.
Of all the hues in the arched rainbow,
The fairy of rose is most sweet and dear.
In yellow gold are happy maidens
Playing hide-and-seek in Madame's hair.
As cheerful, and light and graceful,
Are the rogues of cerulean tint.
The fragrant melodious tread of lavender
Is patterned from her sisters of the rose.
The rustic shade of falling leaves
Is guarded by elves who mourn their plight.
But my love is for the ones
Summoned here to do God's work,
To make the trees, the grass, the shrubs,
The green of every fresh living thing.

Mary Frances Murray, *Academy* '26.---

Alone

Alone I walk on this leaf-strewn path
With ghosts of the past my only companions,
But always will I walk alone in the fall
Reminiscent, pensive, thinking of the spent
summer,
The summer, which brings joy and gladness;
The summer which leaves unwished for ends
and empty illusions.
Alone I am, indeed alone,
For even nature has left me,
Surrounding me are nude trees,
As naked goddesses who bend as if in

resistance of the brutal wind.
 O time is fleeting;
 Bring to me my season of joys
 That will only leave to find me again
 Alone.

Ruth Baron, *Academy '26*.

Character Studies

I

The elevator at last reached the seventh floor. He waited for the door to be pushed open by the sleepy elevator boy—then impatiently stepped out.

At the end of the dark, narrow hall-way, he found room "twenty" the object of his long search. He stood silently before the door for a few moments; then with a great deal of hesitancy, he pushed the door open and softly walked in.

The shade was pulled low, leaving the room in semi-darkness which helped to hide the neat but grim bareness of it all.

Regardless of the darkness, his enquiring eyes fell upon a picture—many pictures. His questioning look changed to a look of complete assurance. Yes, he had found her! Who other than Janie would spend scant earnings for pictures, pictures that just spelled the name of "Janie"? There was a picture of a little home nestled in a group of trees. She had always wanted to live in the country, "God's home" she always said. Then he saw another picture, a beautiful sketch of a brook running through the woodland. The sketch was painted in soft, delicate hues—Janie had always disliked harsh hues. There were more pictures of valleys, trees, and little cozy cottages. It seemed as though she had tried to bring in as much of the great "out of doors" as was possible.

II

We wonder if you could really tell the character of this girl by the pictures that were hung on the wall of her room.

Over her bed was this beautiful motto, "I would be true for there are those who trust me; I would be pure for there are those who care; I would be strong for there is much to suffer; I would be brave for there is much to dare; I would be friend to all, my foes, the friendless; I would be giver and forget the gift; I would be humble for I know my weakness; I would look up and love and laugh and lift.

On the opposite wall was this simple little motto, "If we sigh about our trouble, it grows double every day; ; if we laugh about our trouble, it's a bubble blown away."

Tacked on the door was an advertisement torn from a "Saturday Evening Post". It was the profile of a college boy smoking a pipe; and underneath it was written, "I love to see a man smoke a pipe."

On her dresser were three photographs, two of them of girls and one

of a man. Pasted to the mirror was the following poem, evidently taken from "College Humor": "He sent me scarlet roses and loved me for a day; I dressed me in a black gown the night he went away. I dressed me in a black gown and took my crimson dress and burned it to a cinder for very loneliness. I buried it to a cinder and blew the smoke afar—I cannot wear a red dress or go where roses are. Because it was a red dress he loved me in a day—He sent me scarlet roses and took my heart away."

Shoes

III

"I've got shoes.

"You've got shoes,

"All God's Chillun got shoes."

Michigan Avenue, familiarly known as "Boul Mich" to all "bred in the blood" Chicagoans, is one of the few democratic great roads of the world. Here people in every walk of life rub shoulders as they pass. One finds individuals in every stage of poverty and wealth—and to every individual who walks belongs a pair of shoes.

For instance, there is a broad-toed, low-heeled, sturdy, stolid, and sensible looking "Ground Gripper". Without a doubt the mistress of this pair of shoes is a teacher, a woman politician, or a Y. W. C. A. secretary. Then there is the coy, blase, French-heeled, patent leather pump of the moneyed miss, who can very easily afford to wear the sheerest of chiffon hosiery. Or perhaps it is the mud splattered, down-at-the-beel, cracked patent leather sandal of the girl who craves style, but who can afford only cheap lisle hose of the bargain basement, that attracts one's attention. Then one may see a good looking, modish pair of English brogues, size eleven, to be sure, but how natty! Wool hose and a well turned tweed trouser cuff and a grey Stetson may complete the picture—very collegiate!

And so one could go on, telling and retelling the occupation, the aims and the innate characteristics which a pair of shoes express: "for by their shoes ye shall know them".

IV

Miss Mentor was like her shoes. They were always sensible, never yielding to fashions of the moment. Neat, too, and serviceable and always black. Her black oxfords typified efficiency as she did. They were never dirty, never scuffed, nor run down at the heels; she was always immaculate and fresh, with every hair in place. Her clothes were strictly tailored and so were her shoes, if that may be said of shoes. She was a well oiled machine, always in perfect order, tidy, trim, performing her duties with clock-like regularity and cat-like softness by means of her rubber heels.

V

Vivette was a typical baby-doll type, petite, dainty, with golden, curly hair, big blue eyes, and pouty mouth. Plump, too, and cuddly looking. But that was all there was to her. I doubt if she had any real feelings or intelligence. She flitted through life smiling, smirking, coquetting

—always getting her own way; because she seemed so helpless, one could not resist her. Her life was a round of clothes, parties, teas, dances—in a word, pleasure. These would all come to an end some day, and what had she to fall back on? Mere shallow bubbles would be hers to dream of, and not worthy accomplishments and experiences.

The Love of Romeo and Juliet

I feel like a catalogue when I try to enumerate the times I have met "Romeo and Juliet". I have seen Romeo looking much like the cross-eyed butcher's boy in the senior class, and I have discovered Juliet in the person of the red-haired girl next door. I have listened enthralled to a production of the balcony scene by a long-nosed suffragette and the "touching" tenor in the Methodist choir. I speak not from a theoretical standpoint alone. I was understudy for the left front "prop" of the balcony when a group of campers parodied that well known scene. I also regarded the cross-eyed Romeo with as amorous eyes as Juliet ever effected in her love trysts. Therefore, I believe I am qualified to give my frank opinion of this play, which is so often unjustly criticised.

My Spanish teacher told me that Romeo was a fool. Perhaps—but one must admit he was a lovable one. It is the little whims and idiosyncrasies of youth that makes youth lovable. Even our bald-headed, bearded Latin professor might be induced to confess of nights under some buxom damsel's window, and I once heard a bishop confess that he was driven from a serenade by a pitcher of ice-water, thrown by a parental hand. So, may we not be lenient with Romeo's sentimental phrases, his great conceit, his vanity when we remember that his sentimental phrases were dear enough to him to be enforced by a willing death? Romeo's death was the only logical way in which Shakespeare could have justified his hero. There are many lives that are more gallant in death than in life. Thus Romeo's "soul lines" take on a more chivalrous delicate aspect by his death than they could ever have done if he had not sacrificed his life to his love.

Juliet is an European Amazon in that she has the dominant qualities we like to ascribe to the hero. Romeo seems to be more of a type, but I can picture Juliet very plainly. She is a tall, Diana-like creature, with golden lights in her brown hair as well as in her grey eyes. (Grey eyes to me are an index to constancy, so Juliet must have had them.) To Juliet, life must have been very serious, and Romeo brought the tinkle of a Mardi Gras Carnival into her life. Juliet supplied the solemn gray of common sense and steadfastness, while Romeo pieced in the patches of the gray with the rainbow colors of joy. That is why I think the love of Romeo and Juliet is an ideal one. True mates must fill in the interstices of each other's characters.

Another reason why we look upon Romeo's and Juliet's love as idealistic is that it is the type we long for ourselves. In the drab hours of every day living, we sigh for our balconies and our Romeos to rebuild the rainbow bridge to illusions and dreams.

Zola Girdy, College '26.

Back O' The Yards

Every year, near the holidays, I go down to the Olivet Institute for the special purpose of doing Christmas work. This institute was founded to help the needy. The Olivet does not board any person but helps him pay his rent and provides the needed food and clothing, and during the summer months provides a vacation of two weeks for some mother and her children. This Institute in reality is a miracle for the poor people "Back o' the Yards".

The condition of these people is sometimes appalling. I had never before realized that people could survive with so little. I remember distinctly one example; last year, while doing my share of charity work, I heard a woman's voice; she was singing gaily and evidently in the best of spirits. I decided to visit this unusual person, who appeared to be so happy in her surroundings such as they were. I went through a narrow little gangway till I reached a stairway that led downwards into a basement. As I reached the door, I hesitated, for the purpose of getting a good view of the interior. The basement was evidently the home of this woman, although to me it seemed too dirty and stuffy to be even called a basement. The woman was bending over a washtub, her hair falling around her face in greasy strands, and beside her played four dirty little children. Mrs. Doran, as I later found out was her name, upon noticing me, seemed not the least bit embarrassed, but asked me to come in. We soon were chatting away as though we had known each other a long time. I said, "Well, Mrs. Doran, how is it that you're so happy and contented here. I should think you would be very despondent."

Mrs. Doran replied after looking at me for a time, "Well, do you see this dirty place? It's mine, all mine. And do you see those little kids? Well they're mine and I love them. At that little table we eat our three meals every day, and my husband is a big, fine man who has a steady job now—so I'm singing 'cause I'm happy. I haven't everything like the rich, I know that, but don't you see, I have a home, three meals a day, a fine husband, and four healthy little kids."

I looked at her for a long time after she had finished, and it seemed to me she had been transformed while she spoke. Her hair no longer looked greasy, but seemed to fall in little soft strands around her face, her cheeks were even flushed, and instead of a faded blue, her eyes seemed to be glowing with youth and life. To think, this poor woman with her pains and heartaches could be so sublimely happy, existing as she was, seemed a miracle to me.

She invited me to stay, and have a warm cup of coffee and some of her newly baked bread but it seemed that I had to get outdoors and get out quickly to hide some tears I was sure were going to come. I was taught a great lesson that day, and felt a great deal more contented with life than I had ever been before.

Florence Thiesen, *Academy '27.*

A Story from Life

The hall was in a hubbub and the air was laden with watchfulness. Every time roommate or I stepped out of the room, pairs of eyes and legs followed us. Eyes on every side—legs walking stealthily on the creaky floor. First one Junior—then another and still another visited room seventy-one, Hathaway. Were we becoming popular over night?

We had not sent in a coupon for a book telling how to attain that state. No—our friends were just cognizant of what was to happen. And what fun it was watching girls make fools of themselves. For was it not that they were doing? Steinaker, to my amusement, manipulated herself into a figure eight to get a glimpse of me going around the corner.

Then—five minutes of the Juniors in their natural state—non-registering. Roommate and I took our cue and made an unusual exit down a certain fire escape on the north end of Hathaway.

The gorgeous moon that illuminated the campus and smiled down on us, as we made our way to a certain place on campus, was silver; the sky, purple—Senior colors! The night was with us.

Footsteps, and the form of a human being! Roommate and I stood aghast—a friend Junior? No, not one—six of them! What should we do? But no, it was only the burly form of the night watchman.

Then, a half hour of labor, and finally a large red pillow greeted us. Thrilled to the core, we started back to Hathaway, taking turns in carrying the bulky pillow. We paused under the window of "Viv's" and "Mack's" room to be eavesdroppers for a few minutes. They were talking of us and the pillow's contents. We heard the ringing of the nine-fifteen bell and started up the fire escape, richer in numbers than when we came down.

Once in our room, our first act was the ripping of the pillow, followed by the emerging of a large grey form. A clothes brush was applied and then, two bands of ribbon, silver and purple—around a fat "tummy", ending with a huge bow. Then, a pull and a squeak—a joyful squeak—he was content. For he—our Nebby—was with his Seniors, proudly bearing their colors.

Marguerite Fenske, *Academy '26*.

A Pullman!

Pullman cars are nature's revenge on man for being at any time happy. They are sleek, leather skinned torturers of the first degree, for they torture both body and mind. Their characteristics are decided, for besides having bumpy backs, they have bumpy dispositions.

I know all this from experience. I traveled with my brother, who calls no place home, and who is completely hardened to a Pullman. The worst trip I ever had was from Washington, Indiana, to Lexington, Kentucky.

The long train came puffing up the tracks into Washington. The

lamps were lighted, and everything wore a deceiving air of comfort. I lurched drunkenly to the lavatory, succeeded in washing my face on the installment plan, and progressed back, by degrees, to my berth. It was an upper one; at the depot a man informed me I was lucky to get that, "by hooky". Uncertainly, with Heavenly trust in my soul, I settled to rest.

I began to drift into dreamland when a s-s-s-s-s, and a bump shook me back into reality. The train was stopping. I snuggled down to rest again. Just as the Land of Nod was reaching enticing hands out to me, the train bumped into action again. When I had accustomed myself to "bump-start" the man across from me began to sleep very audibly. In fact, his sleeping could be said to be extremely active and aggressive. By the time the snorts had begun to fall less heavily on my sleepy ears, the baby in number eight began to serenade the moon. I never did get used to that combination.

It was quite a wreck that dragged herself from the whistling torture at six-thirty the next morning. The life of a Pullman rider is a refined series of tortures. May Fate preserve me from such a journey again.

Ruth Fulmer, *College '27*.

Friends

I looked at the grey clouds up in the sky and wondered just why they were there. Flashing blue clouds inspire and invigorate you; rebellious storm clouds make you feel the power of creation; hazy drifting clouds carry you back to the unforgettable past; stalking transparent clouds hasten you to the calling future; but grey clouds merely exist.

But have you not friends that startle you with their brilliant sparkle of wit, that comfort you with their ever present depth of understanding; just as you are fascinated with the scintillation of the blue clouds, and are ever conscious of the depth of their color?

Then have you not friends that are continually striving toward a goal? They may be buffed around by almost unconquerable obstacles, yet they fight back, strike sparks and at last accomplish their task. Some people, just like storm clouds, always act—it may be a majestic and terrific act, or it may be a mild and seemingly trivial act, yet they invariably bring results.

Occasionally old friends happen to cross our pathway and we drift with them back to the land of reminiscences, just as the lazy clouds take us back to things that are past.

Another friend we love to meet is the one that sharpens our desires to be, and gives us courage to enter the future with an unflinching spirit. He invigorates us, just as do cool, keen, transparent clouds, as they race across the sky.

But last of all come the clouds that are always there. They may not dazzle us with wit, they may not always understand what we are, and they may not care particularly about our "ships at sea"; yet they are al-

ways there—just as the grey clouds keep their steadfast places in the sky.
Haven't you friends such as these?

Mildred Augustine, *College '26.*

A Second Hand Bookshop

I like a second-hand bookstore in some isolated city street better than those shiny, immaculate stores of the Avenue. There is something about a shabby, shop-worn book that lends a halo of romance even to the "driest" of literature. I could write on abstract ideas for pages but I am thinking of a special bookshop that exists for me and for people who have an instinct for browsing and collecting strange books.

It happens to be a very tiny, rambling shop on the fifth corner from Main and Third Streets. I believe it was originally an ugly, yellow-drab color, but time and smoke from the smelters have made it the yellow color that suggests the soft amber of a sacred halo. The roof slopes crazily down to a wobbly undecided point that somehow becomes very broad at the end. Inside, there is a dark little entry, and from here the initiated are permitted to gaze on the dark, cool interior of the shop itself. On the left side there is a tall mahogany bookcase with books that have red and green covers which hold for me a curious fascination.

I like to go there on a rainy day, for the proprietor allows me to curl up cozily on his pet stool and read these red-green books. They give solace for the gloomy pattering rain and slate-grey sky.

On the other side the books are an old puritan grey. I never cared for them until a snowy wintry day last December when I was snowbound for a few hours. That day, I entered a new field—I found the original copies of documents of long ago—from Napoleon's to John Smith's time. I learned to appreciate the words "original edition".

There are many other reasons why this special second-hand shop is one of my favorite haunts. If you ever become blue thinking of the newness of life and experience, come with me to my book store and I will hypnotize you with the fairy tales of my old books that are always new to me.

Ruth Beaudin, *College '27.*





Our Stars

We live in a small portion of the world; we dream our snug, complacent little dream; we live our small lives; we smother many of our finer thoughts and feelings, because of that crowd spirit. We're afraid the "crowd" may sneer or scoff. But we have one thing in common. Each of us has enshrined in her heart of hearts some little shining white pedestal on which we offer burnt sacrifices to our ideals—our stars. For a real ideal is never attainable. When it is realized, it ceases to be an ideal. Our stars are made of the white fire of finer things—we do not associate them with the cold, clay of the earth. When things become of the earth, "earthy", they are no longer stars, they are meteors that in falling, have lost their shining radiance. Stars are good possessions. They are the stuff that makes dreams materialize. They have made the stars and stripes of Old Glory; they have made the glorious cathedrals of the old world; they have made inspired literature. We of Frances Shimer need more stars. We are searchers in a sea of knowledge that seems at times to threaten our oblivion, but if high above us we can see our stars twinkle and glow, we in time will come out on a broader, more beautiful plan of dreams realized.

Atopia and Shimer

"My trunk is in perfect order, I am sure. Do you suppose that I might run over my Cicero lesson more thoroughly? Perhaps it would be best. I arose at five this morning in order that I might put by bureau drawers in order and fold all my stockings carefully. I always fold all my stockings. I had the most interesting rest hour last evening. I read Sinnott's 'Principals of Botany' and then, feeling I needed very extreme relaxation, I read Woodworth's 'Psychology'. Vacation? Oh yes, I believe

we do go home day after tomorrow. I know because Miss Dill said we must have our term papers in the Tuesday we come back. No, I'm not excited. Excitement is not good for one's digestion. I think the holiday rush is very unnerving. Oh yes, of course, I shall enjoy some leisure. I want to finish my chemistry correspondence course."

That conversation, my children, took place the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five A. D. in the Utopian boarding school in Never Land.

"What? Oh yes, there's 2880 minutes left. I can't see how I'm going live through it! Cicero? My dear, I haven't an idea left. Is he French or Latin? I can't remember. My trunk packed! I had it packed a week ago. I wrote my term paper one half the time and I packed the rest of the time. The other half that was left I wore out my second best slippers practicing the Charleston. Honestly, between the Charleston and term papers, I'm going to be a mere shadow of my former self. I ate two helpings of cold breakfast food this morning. Sally was so excited she forgot to eat hers and I forgot and ate them both. I sat in Trigonometry five whole minutes after the class was dismissed. Miss Morrison had to ask me to leave. I was thinking what I was going to give Bob for Christmas and forgot all about sines and cosines. Oh, of course, I'll have to work twice as hard when I come back, but Christmas excitement is good for any one. We all have the best feeling. I feel best friends with the whole world. I love Christmas, don't you?"

And that scene, infants mine, is laid in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five A. D. in the month of December in Shimer Land.





On Thanksgiving morning, the campus was transformed into a bedlam of cheering, breathless girls, all anxiously waiting for the hockey game which would determine the traditional rivalry for this year.

Both teams had been practicing earnestly for weeks, and excitement ran high among the Shimerites as to just what the outcome would be.

When the time arrived for the decisive contest, the teams took their positions amid wild cheering from the spectators.

Playing began in earnest from the first whistle, and during the first half, three goals were made by College. Academy came on the field, and by persistent fighting won two goals in the last half, nearly tying the score. College again came back with "the ole fight" and made a goal. Then a brilliant play netted a goal for Academy and lastly College raised its score a point. This placed the final score at 5-3, to the entire satisfaction of all College.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Position—</i>	<i>Academy—</i>	<i>College—</i>
Center Forward	Thompson	Touzalin
Right Forward	Murray	Petrie
Left Forward	Fenske	O'Boyle
Right Wing	Schoenfeld	Brown, M.
Left Wing	Steinaker	Brown, J.
Center Half-back	Van Westrum	Harrison
Right Half-back	Davis	Warner
Left Half-back	Wilder	Howell
Right Full-back	Tyrell	Smith
Left Full-back	Taylor	Solomon
Goal-keeper	Baron	Hower

Substitutes—College—Sanders, Sykes, Stevens, Goode.

Academy—Phelps, Witherell, Reed, Polacheck.



Mrs. Carlton W. Konrad (Elizabeth Percy '14-'15) of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has offered the School a trophy to be presented to the student having the highest average for the year in the English Department. Mrs. Konrad has not completed her plans for the trophy, but we expect to give information on this later.

A Delightful Evening of Music

Those who attended the artist recital at Metcalf Hall Friday evening, were largely recompensed for it proved to be of exceptional interest, exceeding even expectations, and enthusiastic applause marked the appearance of the Muenzer Trio in a beautifully balance program of Chamber music. This group of artists is composed of Hans Muenzer, violinist; Hans Koebel, cellist; and Rudolph Wagner, pianist. They are well matched in musicianship and it is not at all surprising that they are meeting with such great success.

From the first measure of the Beethoven Trio which opened the program, it became obvious that they were going to be able to justify the expectations of the audience. Beethoven fared well in their hands. His Trio in B Flat Major was given a thoughtful, individual rendering in keeping with the traditions of the composer, never striving for sensational effects.

The second group, a charming Scherzo by Arensky, a Jensen Adagio, and Schuett's "Waltz Momente" afforded rare opportunities for some beautiful color effects, particularly the "Waltz Momente", which was played with the most delightful abandon, rousing the audience to quite a high pitch of enthusiasm. Nor did the interest wane during the third (and last) group. This was a Trio Sinfonico in four movements by Bossi, a lovely work and played with absolute sympathy, singing the Adagio with a broad rich tone, and painting the reflective mood of the Moderato with an intelligent understanding of its poetic content and artistic purpose.

An insistent recall won the addition of the ever beloved "Londonderry Air" as an encore. One may live to hear it played more exquisitely; but it is extremely doubtful.

"Ye Olde Festivals"

HALLOWE'EN PROM

The glamour of Hallowe'en descended upon us the moment we stepped into the Elysium that the Juniors had created for us in the first Prom of the season. Gay Spanish dancers coquetted with tall gallants in overalls. Little be-ginghamed girlies tripped the light fantastic with grotesque clown figures.

In the Special, gypsies appeared. Who would have known that Viv and Helen and Irene would make such delightfully natural Romanies? We loved the romantic vein that hovered around the Special. In fact, the whole evening left us that comfortable warmth of heart that comes after an extraordinarily good time. You were splendid hostesses, Juniors! We wish we might have you again!

THANKSGIVING PROM

Gleaming expanses of white shirt—broad breadths of filmy gay dresses—laughter—music—happiness: such was the atmosphere of the Thanksgiving Prom given by the College Freshmen. Nothing was lacking. There was even a moon, a lovely one. The room was decorated with bright chrysanthemums, which also took the form of programs. The punch was delicious. The special was charmingly oriental in spite of the ballet dresses. The steps, dainty and well executed, were given by Katherine Lee Bates, Margaret Fisher, Ruth Delatour, Marian Simpson, Bee Williams and Virginia Taggart. From the hovering anxiety of Marge Solomon in the background, we knew that she was relieved when it was all nicely over. We had a good time, and were truly thankful for such a delightful ending to our loveliest day at Shimer.

Saturday Nights

On October 24, we saw "Broken Blossoms", a picture played by an all star cast, one which made us shed a tear or two. We enjoyed it but it was a bit hard on the nerves.

On November 7, the Seniors entertained us with their class play, "The Gypsy Trail". Each character was well chosen and each part well played. We were really loathe to find the end of the trail.

On November 14 Jackie Coogan was here in "Long Live the King". I am willing to bet that he gave us one of the most enjoyable Saturday nights we have had all year.

On November 21, Miss Margaret Gardner, a chalk artist, entertained us for a brief hour and a half. Most of us were spellbound by the swiftness and dexterity with which she created picture after picture, seemingly with no effort at all, talking all the time she worked! We sat, watched, listened, and wondered!

On November 28, the Y. W. C. A. had a bazaar. Delightful little Chinese gifts were sold, not to mention real jasmine tea done up in gift packages, and ice-cream and cake.

Vespers

One of the most interesting vesper services of the school year is the one in which Mrs. McKee tells us something of the history of our Alma Mater. This year the date of the service fell upon Oct. 18. Mrs. McKee first gave us a brief resume of Mrs. Shimer's life from childhood until the time of her death, and what an unusual character she must have been! She told us the particulars concerning the founding of our school, and something of school life during the years Mrs. Shimer herself lived and taught. Mrs. McKee had our undivided attention, and I think that each and every one of us was inspired with a deeper respect and reverence for our school.

On October the 25th, we had an unusual vesper service for which Mr. Kashaba, of and from whom we had heard before, was responsible. First, we were shown a three-reel movie showing us the conditions in the Near East immediately following the Turkish massacre; second, we were made to understand the importance of the work of the American Near East Relief organization in those stricken districts. We were torn between compassion for those who died before aid could reach them and pride for our own country-men who had made possible the saving of thousands of lives. After the picture, a N. E. R. worker, traveling with Mr. Kashaba, told us of the way in which every one of us could help, consequently inspiring us as a school body, led by the Y. W. C. A., to adopt a little American girl for whose life and education we were to be responsible for a certain number of years. At this time, all arrangements having been made, we Shimerites are the guardian of one small Armenian orphan, named Marie.

Dean McKee began the new month by a good sermon at vespers. His topic was "Some Permanent Elements of Religion", namely, a sense of independence, a feeling of ill desert, and struggle for progress. No University of Chicago speaker can interest and inspire us as does our Dean.

Misses Emerson and Fortna were responsible for vespers, November the 8th. We had the usual hymn and scripture reading, following which Miss Emerson gave us a most interesting talk about the stars. We were so inspired by the stars that some of us endangered both our necks and eyes trying to find some particular constellation!

Our Sunday evening service of November 15 was conducted by Rev. Mark F. Sanborn of Detroit. His subject was "The Bible", its influence upon our lives, the greatness of its literary importance, and its popularity. Rev. Sanborn thinks that every Christian should be so well acquainted with his Bible that he could not only name its sixty-six books, but could group them and tell the substance of each. This was an interesting and educational address which we will not soon forget.

Who of us did not enjoy vespers Sunday, Nov. 2nd? Who isn't always glad to hear Miss Wallace sing or Miss Allyn play? Miss Wallace sang two groups of selected songs, and Miss Allyn played four of her favorites—and ours. An evening of good music is rare—and always appreciated.

Miss Berkstresser gave us for the last vesper service of the month. She read to us as only she can read—a cutting from Mary P. Hamlin's drama, "The Rock". The whole play, its characters and its settings, seemed pantomimed before us, and we were truly disappointed when our reader smiled and dismissed us.

Chapel Services

On November the sixth, Dr. T. C. Holman of the U. of C. gave us a long and inspiring talk, the substance of which may be summed up in that poem of John Oxenham:

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way.
And some men climb the high way
And some men grope the low,
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
And to every man there openeth
A high way and a low;
And every man decideth
Which way his soul shall go."

On Armistice day, November 11, we were given a patriotic program consisting of a vocal selection "The Americans Come" by Miss Wallace, and patriotic poems explained by Elizabeth Turner, given by Dorothy Rurkle, Alma Grove, and Frances Kernohan. The program was in keeping with the spirit of the day and the way in which we sang our national anthem at the end of the service helped to express, not only our patriotism, but our appreciation of the program as well.

On Thursday, December 3, Miss Evelyn Wood, the executive secretary of Central Council of Nursing Education, gave us a half hour talk on "Nursing as a Profession". Afterwards, she gave out pamphlets to those who might be interested in such a profession. As she said, nursing is wholly a woman's profession and it offers the very best of opportunities to those having an earnest desire to serve their fellowmen. Miss Wood has been here before and we hope she may come again.

One Thursday morning not so long ago, the Glee Club, composed of a dozen college girls, gave us a delightful program of three three-part vocal selections. We may expect to hear from them very soon again.

Sophomore Notes

On October 11 shortly after Miss Peters had honored us by accepting the position as our class counsellor, we gave a spread in honor of Miss Peters and Miss Morrison. Through the effect of attractive lighting and gay colored pillows, we created an atmosphere of coziness and friendli-

ness. We Sophs have a reputation for "real spreads", and the refreshments of salad and sandwiches did justice to our "rep".

Our Sophomore privileges seem to be out reach for awhile. However, at a class meeting, Miss Peters talked to us about them, and at present we are doing our best to deserve these honors.

Then Thanksgiving! In the traditional way, we Sophomores started the toasts. Were there ever such effective songs as those made by Jeanette Butler and Janice Coshun? We think not. Amid a general feeling of sorrow, we bade farewell to our rakish little Frankie Frosh, who went to the Freshies who were heartless in roasting their "dear old rusty Sophomores".

The Sophomore Class has a lot of which to be proud. When there is as charming a person as Miss Peters to whom one could sing, what could be more stirring than singing:

"We're singing to Miss Peters, she's our counsellor,
We're true to her and will be true for aye,
And we take this last good chance to give our thanks to her
Because we know that we must leave her by and by.
So while we're here together, let us sing to her:
We appreciate how you have pulled us through,
You have been the very best of guides and friends to us
And now, Miss Peters dear, we make our bow to you."

We had a great many of our class on the winning hockey team. But these facts do not mean the end of our strength, for we are planning great things after Christmas, which will show that we are the "peppiest" as well as the most sedate class on campus.

The Freshman Notes

Dear Stayathome:

Last night the fairy, that grants all wishes, transplanted me into Shimer Land and set me down in a fairy-land that I discovered was a ballroom.

The gay golden lights shed a glamour of elf land upon the whole scene. I was half ready to believe that I was in a modern Arden. The rooms were plots of brilliant flowers; the whole world seemed to be transformed into a sea of chrysanthemums. There were different kinds of chrysanthemums to be sure. There were blossoms that grew in gardens, and there were flowery faced girl chrysanthemums, with rose, pink, or green petaled dresses.

Luckily, the fairy had set me down by Jane O'Boyle, who confided to me numerous secrets of state. She even told me the genii who had arranged the rooms, and vouchsafed to me all the names on every committee. Because I want you to know our hostesses, I shall tell you their names:

Program—

Ruth Tonzalin, chairman.

Kathryn Petrie.

"Special"—

Marjorie Solomon, chairman.
Bernice Williams.
Sylvia Mesirov.

Decoration—

Frances Kernohan, chairman.
Edith Warner.
Virginia Munsen.

Refreshment—

Helen Higbee, chairman.
Dorothy Taft.
Gertrude Fenske.

Did you ever meet the Freshmen at Shimer? They are a "peppy" bunch, I assure you—but the president confided to me that there had been plenty of trials and tribulations all along the line.

The president was claimed by other duties then, but the little elf, who had accompanied me, stood on the window ledge and told me marvelous tales of this Shimer Freshman Class. They were not only stars in prom affairs, but they were also very prominent in athletics. They had Jane O'Boyle, Ruth Touzalin, Ruth Howell, Edith Warner, Kathryn Petrie, Marjorie Solomon, Beth Hower, Louise Sykes, and Mary Goode on the winning College hockey team.

On Thanksgiving, of course, there was a throng of Freshmen to sing the toasts. One toast that was particularly humorous and popular was the roast to the high and mighty Sophies:

"Sophomore, Sophomore,

Dear old rusty Sophomores,

Smithy and Pinky and Margie Lou

Then Mildred and Skinny and Isabelle too,

You are so old, so broken and bent

Your days in this school are well nigh spent;

If you stay much longer, they'll charge you rent—

Don't you wish you were Freshmen again?"

Well, perhaps by this time, dear Stayathome, you will be sorry you aren't a member of this "peppy" Shimer class, so I will say goodbye for all the Freshmen, as well as.

Yours truly.

Senior Notes

The Senior Class made its debut in the social world at Frances Shimer School, by giving "The Gypsy Trail", a comedy in three acts. "The Gypsy Trail" is a charming play full of adventure, romance, and fun. We were all successfully carried along the gypsy trail, thrilling with Frances at her gallant lover, sympathizing with poor matter-of-fact Ned, and laughing at the impudent little brother. With the kind help of Miss Berk-

stresser and Miss Fox, our counsellor, the actors did justice to the Senior Class. After the play our counsellor served the cast and official staff with sandwiches and chocolate. We all went home wishing that we could give a play every night.

I think every senior's heart swelled with pride when Miss Mortison announced in house meeting that the seniors had the largest percentage on the honor roll. Come on, Seniors, let's keep up our reputation—maybe we can head it next time! We have not only made ourselves worthy scholastically, but also in the field of athletics. Grace Thompson was chosen captain of the Hockey team, on which many seniors played.

We wish to announce that Nebby enjoyed his Thanksgiving dinner on the Senior table, which fact reminds me—what were two little Juniors doing down at the steam plant bright and early one morning?

One of the most successful of the Senior songs was their toast to Nebby:

(Tune to "Deep in my Heart")

Deep in our hearts, dear Nebby,
We love you true.
You stand for Seniors,
And for the things that they do.
Faithful and loyal,
You are the Seniors' King royal.
Nebby, dear Nebby,
Here is our pledge to you.

Junior Class Notes

Collegiate! Collegiate!
Yes, he is collegiate!
Nothing intermediate,
No, Girls!
Chapel, vespers, we see him everywhere,
Rainy days and fair, he will be right there!
Phi Psi! Phi Psi! Best you'll ever find
Does he ever bawl us out?
Well, we'll say no, girls!
William McKee, he's the man for me,
Phi Psi's all are true—
And he's a Phi Psi, too!

This was the toast sung by the Junior Class to Dean McKee at the Thanksgiving dinner.

The first prom of the year was a masquerade ball given by the Junior Class, October 31. In keeping with the holiday spirit, the rooms were decorated with curtains disguised as huge, grinning jack-o-lanterns and orange and black festoons. "A good time was had by all."

The Delta Mu Club is doing nicely, thank you. With a luncheon for Miss Pollard given at Katie's on November 23, and prospects of a tea Sat-

urday, the 12th, we feel quite socially prominent. The club was organized to teach the girls parliamentary law and the art of public speaking. New officers are elected every month, and in this way nearly every one has a chance to hold an office.

And then on the hockey field — Muriel McKenzie as manager, and "Margo" Schoenfeld, "Bunny" Taylor, and Kathryn Steinkaker as members of the good, old team!

Academy Sophomore Notes

Thanksgiving! Sophomores! Hockey Game! At the sensational game the Sophomores were royally represented by Elizabeth van Westrum and Emily Reed.

At the dinner, the class of ten rang out merrily. Our most successful song was:

School

(Serenade from the Student Prince)

All the schools we've ever hear of

F. S. S. is far the best;

Fifteen years hence we'll be singing

(Remember)

Remember the school, the school so true

We went to

It was when

(You and I were Seventeen)

But

Why

You and I were seventeen

And hearts were oh so young.

Be (Just a little Blue)

Just a little blue

Just a little blue

When

Now

(On Wisconsin)

We laugh and play, we study each day

To bear the standards high

And so do we hold the banner of dear F. S. S.

Oh yes! Last but not least, Emily Reed was not only on the hockey team, but also headed the honor roll for midsemester with an average of 92.25.

Academy Freshman Notes

The Academy Freshman Class met November 5, and the following officers were elected:

President—M'Lisse Snyder.

Vice President—Miriam Boozer.

Secretary and Treasurer—Adelyn Lundberg.

Miss Luenzman has honored us by accepting our request to be the class counsellor.

Although our class is small, we are going to show the rest of Frances Shimer who the Academy Freshmen are.

One of our favorite Thanksgiving toasts was the one to Dean McKee:

Who's the greatest Dean that this country's ever known?

Who's the Dean in the U. S. A. who is better loved and known?

No it isn't the Dean of Chicago, that so many rave about.

Why don't you know?

You must be slow.

We'll have to help you out.

Chorus—

It's Dean McKee, though he's not so much for size.

Dean McKee is the Dean that takes first prize.

If the Deans should have a race, Shimer's Dean would
take first place.

Dean McKee is the Dean that takes first prize.

Doctor Foster's Visit

Dr. Allyn K. Foster of the Baptist Board of Education, who has visited the School before, spent several days with us in December. In his informal talk to us on Wednesday in chapel, he stressed the point of a "heroic mind" in preference to a "cowardly mind", for the person with a heroic mind is ever pushing forward while the one with a cowardly mind remains the same and allows the other fellow to do the work. Thursday morning Doctor Foster mentioned two things which he wished to remember over the holidays, gratitude and service. Another talk was on the subject of Prayer. He visited a number of classes, giving to them talks of a most inspiring nature, so that each girl who came in contact with him felt an impetus toward higher living. We wish he could have been with us longer.

MacDowell Club

On Sunday evening, December 13, we gave a Christmas spread for our counsellor, Miss Schuster. Miss Morrison and Miss Peters were also guests. College Hall parlor was transformed by the use of a few floor lamps into a cozy party room, and two red candles on the table gave a touch of the Christmas season. It is of course unnecessary to report that this meeting had a record attendance, and the cooks received many compliments on the good food and charming service. Additional entertainment was provided by Beth Hower who gave a violin solo, and Lolita White who gave a Christmas reading. The Club has had an interesting year thus far, and has enjoyed its Sunday evening programs.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club

The Green Curtain Club was late in organizing this year, as so few members were back in school. However a few of the girls who had prom-

inent parts in the plays last year were invited to become members without tryouts, and the Club organized with Ruth Baron as president. In December, after two try-outs, eight new members were added. No doubt you will hear more of the Club later.

The Quill Pen Club

If you had happened into College Hall parlor Sunday evening, December 13, no doubt you would have been impressed by the literary atmosphere. On the floor, at the table, curled in chairs, anywhere and everywhere were girls scribbling away most earnestly. They had been given topics such as "A Modern Christmas", "Hobbies", and "Holidays", and had been told to write. After their literary efforts had been expended, the spirits of the authors were immediately revived when doughnuts and coffee were served. During the eating, Zola Girdy and Farilyn Crooker read the papers, which proved to be cleverly written and delightfully original. The meeting was beneficial as well as entertaining. Previous meetings have taken up the study of Lord Dunsany and his writing and the Irish Revival, and two meetings have had original work prepared by the members. The Club hopes to fill a large place in the interests of the girls who wish to have more practice in original writing. It now has twenty members. A happy and prosperous New Year to the Quill Pen Club.

The Christmas Party

The annual Christmas Party was held in the "lounge" on the afternoon of December 14 "amidst the holly green". A lovely big Christmas tree, along with the Christmas decorations, added to the brilliancy and gaiety of the afternoon.

The party was opened by the town crier, and then followed the old Christmas customs—the burning of the fagots, the lighting of the candles, the Yule log, the mummers, and the "shoe dance". The tableaux representing the Madonna and Christ Child, the wise men, and the shepherds, were carried out in the same way as on previous years.

After the entertainment old Santa came tumbling through the window. He was quite jolly, and the visiting kiddies were just as pleased at seeing him and receiving his gifts as if he had been the real Santa Claus. Then the wassail bowl was brought in, and after the refreshments of popcorn, punch, and cakes, the party was presumably over; but all through the evening and all the rest of the week there were frequent sounds of

"Here we come a-wassailing, a-wassailing
Amid the holly green."

Scattered Family Notes

Wilhelmina McClanahan Hough, '14-'15, and her husband visited the School in October. Mr. Hough is engaged in real estate business in Chicago.

Alice McClanahan, ex-Faculty, is practicing law in Chicago.

Charlotte Hageman '22 is a Senior in Vassar College.

Maxine McMahon '21 is studying Music in New York City.

Margaret Sayers '21 was graduated from the University of Iowa in June. She returned in September and is doing graduate work and assisting in the Department of Zoology. She finds time in addition to serve, as she has for some years, as President of the Y. W. C. A. at the University. She was also one of the leaders at the State Y. W. C. A. Convention held in Des Moines November 13-15.

Kathryn Wilke '21 was married on October 21 to Mr. Hershel Swanson at her home in Webster City, Iowa. Miss Wilke was graduated from the Art Department of Iowa State Teachers' College last June. Mr. Swanson is deputy county treasurer of Hamilton County, Iowa.

Marge Thompson '23 and Mabel Morirs '23 send greetings to all their Frances Shimer friends from Boston, where they were on vacation during the summer.

Faith Reichelt '21 and Virginia Smith '25 spent the week-end of October 23-5 at the School. They are roommates at Northwestern University, where Virginia is a Freshman and Faith a graduate student doing pre-medical work. Faith was honored last year by election to Mortar Board, a society which bases membership on scholarship, leadership, and service.

Martha Skinner '22 is teaching in the High School at Erie, Illinois. She writes of meeting Dorothy Sorenson, College '21-'22, who is studying in the Art Institute in Chicago.

Sarah Booth Nichols died at her home in Eldora, Iowa, in October. She was a student here in the late sixties, and a teacher for many years after leaving school. The late Herbert Quick, the author, was one of her many pupils.

Marguerite Huntoon Lillard '99-'00, sends greetings from her home in Decatur, Texas, to all Frances Shimer folks of her day who may remember her.

Edith L. Gould, a student when the School was Mt. Carroll Seminary, writes from her home in Eaton, Ohio, of having had a pleasant telephone visit with an old Frances Shimer School friend, Mrs. Emma Benton Miles, while in Denver during the summer, when time did not permit a longer visit.

Edith Wherrit Fulcher '89, has been living abroad for the past two years, chiefly in England and Belgium. She writes friends of meeting Grace Harvey Penfield '94 in Edinburgh.

Dolores Charlton '25 entered Iowa State Teachers' College at Cedar Falls this fall. She writes of her pleasure in finding that Willo Coleman '23 and Lois Ritchie, '23-'24, were also there.

Gertrude Clemens '25 is in San Francisco, California, where she is attending the Munson School for Private Secretaries.

The RECORD acknowledges the receipt of *The Edison Spot Light* an

interesting school paper published by, for, and in the interest of the Edison Junior High School of Long Branch, California, under the direction of Izelle Emery Scott '05, who is Instructor in English in the School.

Ruth Foster, College '15, is teaching English in the High School of Rockford.

Helen Hay '24 has a secretarial position in Rockford.

Ruth Bowman '25 spent several days at the School in November, the guest of Lillian Bowman '25.

Harriet Melrose Barnett '09 resides in Plainfield, Indiana, where her husband is principal of the high school.

Lenore Benario, '17-'19, has a position in the offices of a firm of architects in Chicago.

Since graduating from the Art Institute, Chicago, Gertrude Murdough '21 has been supervisor of Art in the Wakefield, Michigan, Township High School.

Margaret Tuscon BuBois '20 resides in Washington, D. C., where she is a newspaper correspondent.

Mabel Dougherty '13 is taking a year's vacation to recuperate from illness. She resides with her mother in Santa Monica, California.

Grace Oberheim '14 is in the Loan Department of the Iowa State College at Ames. During the summer she traveled in the West, visiting Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, and attending the American Library Association convention at Seattle. En route she stopped over for a visit with Ethel Ank Doty '14 in Cashmere, Washington, where she also met Marie Ank '18 of Atascadero, California.

Sophie Pool Hepner, '10-'12, resides in Washington, D. C. She writes, "I wish you could know my ten-year-old son, Arch, who has been a pupil for three years at the Sidwell Friends School, where he has had the highest average in his class each year! I see Dora Knight Harris frequently, and also Hester Nolan, who lives here."

Mary Lohr '23 is teaching in the high school in Groethinger, Iowa.

Beth Hostetter '02 and Jessie Campbell '06, who are spending the year abroad, have been in Paris for some time, where they are taking work at the Sorbonne.

Evelyn Hylander, '24-'25, was the guest of Katherine Lee Bates at the School over the week-end, November 29.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Libbie Phillipson '19 to Mr. Ira M. Pink on Thursday, November 26, 1925, in Chicago.

Minerva Patton, a student here in the early eighties, renews her subscription from her home in Chicago and expresses her continued interest in all that pertains to Frances Shimer.

Julia Jung '24 is House President in Foster Hall, University of Chicago.

"Andante Lamentabile" from a Symphonic Suite by Jeanne Boyd '09 was played by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra at the Eastman Theatre on November 25, as a number on a program of unpublished works by American composers. The composition was inspired by viewing Lake Michigan at dusk on an Autumn day. It was composed at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1922.

Waltressa Lunt '25 was the guest of friends at the School over the Thanksgiving week-end, and attended the Prom. She is teaching this year in the junior high school at Warren.

Irma Lambert '25 came back to the School for the Thanksgiving Prom.

Kathrena Williams Bauer '20 is living in Cambridge, Mass., where her husband is taking the course in Communication Engineering. She, too, is continuing her college work. She writes of meeting Mary Fishburn '19 in Denver last summer.

Ruth Chiverton '18 is teaching second grade in the public schools of Dixon. She writes of the marriage of Ruth Stephan, '16-'17, but does not give her new name, and also of hearing from Kay Marshall Hinchcliff '17 from South America.

Doris Leach Wiggins '15 writes from Fort Howard, Maryland. Her husband, Captain Wiggins, has recently been transferred from Porto Rico.

H. May Cole '08 renews her subscription from her home in MacDonald, Kansas, after several months' traveling in Europe and the United States. She spent the summer on the Continent with Miss Morrison.

Julia Jung '24, Florence Rice '24, and Elaine Fisher '24, are all Seniors this year at the University of Chicago.

Florence Wales, '22-'23, is attending the University of Colorado.

Norma St. Germain '25 is recovering from a critical illness following an operation for appendicitis at St. Luke's Hospital, where she was working in the laboratories when she was taken ill. Her many Frances Shimer friends are rejoicing over her return to health.

Ruby Worner '17, who was recently awarded the Ph. D. by the University of Chicago, is teaching.

The Novelty Shop

Hopeful Freshman: How do you like my room as a whole?

Miss Darrow: As a hole it's fine; but I can't hand it much for a room.

THAT WOULD FINISH MOST ANY ONE

Miss Wardwell (assigning homework): Take arsenic, antimony, bismuth, and finish the chapter.

Merc Brown: Aren't you glad that today is Saturday?

Virginia Daniel: No, I'm glad tomorrow's Sunday.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Miss Wardwell: What is formed when things are burned?

Ruth Fulmer: Smoke.

Louise Sykes: Do you care for horses?

Dorothy Dawson: No, I wait on tables.

The Dean (in economics): —and the farmer is the only producer who makes his living from the soil.

Ruth Smith: What about the laundress?

Irene Pagel (in U. S. History): What happened to the underground railroad? Are the tracks still there, or did they cave in?

FRESHMAN NOTES

Don't talk back to an instructor. She might hear you.

OUR CAMPUS DIRECTORY

Lounge—After dinner parking space, also provides a cosy corner for Faculty Mah Jong parties.

Quad—A cement walk enclosed by buildings, and well-worn by the feet of early morning promenaders.

Library—A place containing every known volume except the one you are looking for. A favorite haunt of English History students.

Catalogue—Ancient code of rules. Can always be depended upon to supply the wrong information.

Dining Room—Home of the prune and land of the Spanish Rice. Frequently affords us soup and ice cream at periodic intervals.

Gym—The only place where we may Charleston in peace.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Miss Morrison doing the Charleston?

Bee Williams playing Hamlet?

Ruth Baron leading the village choir?

Marg Fenske teaching a Sunday School class?

Janice Coshun with her hair straight?

Darlene Sherer bunking?

Miss Pollard: The men wore light armor. The horses must have had some protection, mustn't they?

Eliza Stewart: Oh, shin-guards, of course!

Mrs. McKee: Does any one here know Greek?

Mary Brearton: Everything's Greek to me!

Exchanges

From Long Beach, California, comes a good little paper, *The Edison Spot Light*, published by the Thomas A. Edison school. It is a four-page paper and should have enough support to become an eight-page paper. Come on, you Spot Light, and double yourself.

One of the "peppiest" and best edited papers on our exchange list is *The Gustavian Weekly* from Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota. You have an advantage in coming out once a week and keeping folks reminded of your existence. We wish to compliment you on your "ads", too. Your ad-manager knows his business.

The Dennisonian, Granville, Ohio, is the best eight-page weekly we've seen for a long time. We liked your football issue in particular, for its pictures, snappy write-ups, and football history. Keep up the good work.

From Alton, Illinois, comes *The Shurtleff Pioneer*, another weekly of four pages. You need some pictures to give outsiders an idea of your school. Call again, please.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Graceland Record, Lamoni, Iowa.

The Industrial Student, Camp Hill, Alabama.

The Northern Illinois, De Kalb, Illinois.

The Oneida Mountaineer, Onieda, Kentucky.

The Blue and White, University of Dubuque, Dubuque, Iowa.

The Wabash Record-Bulletin, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

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